

7
T H A L I A :

OR THE *K*

SPRITELY MUSE.

P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

M A R T I A L

P A R A P H R A S E S

ON

OVID and *TIBULLUS*;

A N D

Burlesque V E R S E on DIVERTING SUBJECTS.

By a Nobleman of Fifteen, who designs shortly to
Appear in Print. *Ch: B—e*

Ch: B—e L O N D O N :

PRINTED by R. Tookey, and are to be SOLD
by S. Maltbus in London-House-yard, near the
West End of St. Paul's CATHEDRAL. MDCCCV.

h
ons



T H E C O N T E N T S.

O N <i>His Grace the Duke of ORMOND's Arrival in Ireland, after the Peace.</i>	page 1.
<i>An Epigram. From MARTIAL.</i>	page 3.
<i>Love at Sight. A Song.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY at an Opposite Window.</i>	page 4.
<i>An Epigram. On a GENTLEMAN that was Drown'd.</i>	page 6.
<i>On the Same.</i>	Ibid.
<i>From MARTIAL.</i>	Ibid.
<i>Sent to a LADY with a Pen.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY Wearing a Chain of Gold.</i>	page 7.
<i>On the MARTYRDOM of KING CHARLES the I.</i>	
<i>A Pindarique.</i>	page 8.
<i>A Triumph after Enjoyment. From OVID.</i>	page 11.
<i>From MARTIAL.</i>	page 12.
<i>To a LADY Painting a GENTLEMAN.</i>	Ibid.
<i>An Elegy on an Old Woman that got her Bread by Playing upon Two Jews-Trumps at the Irish Weddings, and was Reputed an Herma-phrodite.</i>	page 13.
<i>Upon a Vintner.</i>	page 15.
<i>A Song.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY Fainting. A Song.</i>	page 16.
<i>On the Death of Dr. HUNTINGTON, once Provest of Dublin-Colledge, late Lord Bishop of Rapho, who Died soon after His Consecration.</i>	page 17.
<i>An</i>	

The CONTENTS.

<i>An Epigram. On MUCIUS SCAEVOLA. From MARTIAL.</i>	page 18.
<i>To THAIS, in Imitation of MARTIAL.</i>	Ibid.
<i>Written under the Picture of CUPID, Sleeping in a Nymph's Arms, who Cuts his Wings, whilst Another Steals his Quiver.</i>	page 19.
<i>On a Mineral in the North of Ireland, to which People come from Scotland, and other Places, to be Cured of Diseases.</i>	page 20.
<i>A Song.</i>	page 26.
<i>From MARTIAL.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY, Singing to a Base-Viol. A Song.</i>	Ibid.
<i>From MARTIAL.</i>	page 27.
<i>To a GENTLEMAN who Fell, striving to Throw a LADY Down.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY, Desiring Him to Sing or Write a Song.</i>	Ibid.
<i>To a LADY at Bowls.</i>	page 28.
<i>To a LADY Kissing a Black Boy.</i>	Ibid.
<i>CANACE to MARCAREUS Paraphrased. From OVID.</i>	Ibid.
<i>In Imitation of TIBULLUS.</i>	page 32.
<i>An Epilogue. Spoken to HANIBAL, as it was Acted in a Barn, by the Gentry of the County of Cork in Ireland.</i>	page 33.
<i>An Epilogue. Spoken to the Spanish Friar, Acted in a Barn as aforesaid, in the Year 1699. When the Friars were Banish'd Ireland.</i>	Ibid.
<i>The Complaint of Pegasus.</i>	page 34.



POEMS

ON
Several Subjects, &c.

On His GRACE The DUKE of ORMOND'S *Arrival in Ireland after the Peace.*

OUR Hopes, ere Fame the happy Tidings bore ;
Told us great ORMOND comes to grace our Shore,
Thro' the glad Plains such glim'ring Joys appear,
The Influence of some greater Blessing near,
As when with dawning Light the Morning Sky
Smiles to behold her lovely Day so nigh,
My Off'ring, Rural Artless Strains, I bring,
As meanest Birds by Nature's instinct Sing,
Delighted at th' Approach of blooming Spring ;
Their Notes no higher than a Wellcome reach,
A Maro must the Season's Vertues teach ;
Whilst I the Raptures, he Inspires, proclaim ;
A Dryden, or a Garth, must speak his Fame.

A

That

That Art must be, that Sings him in the Wars,
 Great like his Soul, and deep as were his Scars :
 Let Each Heroick Strain, each Nervous Line
 That dares attempt him, be like him, Divine :
 The Prophet talk'd with GOD, and like a GOD did shine.
 He merits all the Praise he does not want,
 Himself his Valour's Noblest Monument ;
 His Foes upon their Swords his Trophys raise,
 Ingraving in each Wound the Hero's Praise
NASSAU and *ORMOND* like high Bulwarks stand,
 To awe the Incroaching Torrent from the Land :
 Hosts safely Fight, whom they in Danger Shield
 As if Intrench'd or Wall'd in Open Field ;
 They guide and cover Armies that retire,
 Like *Israel's* Pillars cloath'd in Smoak and Fire.
 How oft thro' Perils they have fearless gon !
 Scorn'd, for our Lives and Liberties, their Own.
 Thoughtless that with their Safeties they expose
 All that we hope to keep, or fear to lose.
 Had Romans, as the gaping Earth, been VVise,
 They'd known more justly true Desert to prise :
Curtius had Liv'd, tho' all the rest had Dy'd
 For the same Worth Demanded, and Deny'd,
 Rich in its Veins, the Earth despis'd their Ore ;
 But pleas'd with him, clos'd, and desir'd no more.

ORMOND, the Slaughter of his Friends t' assuage,
 Thus like a *Jonas* brib'd the Tempest's Rage ;
 To over-numerous Foes his Freedom gave ;
 Who ravish'd, clos'd him, like the Roman Grave :
 Inrich'd with him, from vain pursuits they cease,
 Booty or Fame desparing to increase :
 Yet for our Safety, whilst he hazards his,
 How small's the Purchase, and how large the Price !
 But as the Monstrous Fish, at Heav'n's Command,
 In safety brought the Prophet back to Land,
 Heav'n and *NASSAU*, from raging Fire and Sword,
 Peace and Great *ORMOND* to the VVorld Restor'd.

A N

E P I G R A M.

From Martial.

THe Slave's Advantage, or the Master's Pain,
 You know not, who of Servitude Complain;
 Thee a vile Cov'ring, with soft Sleep does Crown;
 Behold, thy Lord lies Wakeful in his Down:
 To Whore like him, wou'd you be Pocky too?
 Or to be Drunk all Night, like him all Morning Spew?
 At great Mens Levies, he precedes the Sun;
 He has a Thousand Lords, and you but one:
 He meets a Train of Creditors, and he
 Meets more Insults— whilst you from Duns are free:
 You fear the Lash, him Gouts and Aches tare;
 And he an Hundred Stripes wou'd rather bear.

LOVE at SIGHT.

A

S O N G.

THo' at first sight you took my Heart,
 It adds not to your Fame;
 Think not you play'd a CÆSAR's part;
 Came, Saw, and Overcame.

The Fort did yield, but was not ta'en,
 It never struck a Blow:
 So you cou'd not a Conquest gain
 Where you had ne'er a Foe.

(4)
What Honour is't to Murther one
VWho no Resistance made ?
To Storm and Sack a Friendly Town,
VWhose Gates are open lay'd.

In this more Glory you shall find,
Be Just, as you are Fair ;
To me who do Submit, be Kind ;
To Rebels, be Severe.

T O

A Lady at an Opposite Window.

WHilst at your VWindow you appear
As Glorious as a Blazing Star,
I view you with Delight and Fear.

Thus Crouding Mortals in Amaze
At Heav'nly Comets trembling Gaze,
And wonder to what end they Blaze.

I know by Love's Astrologie
The Mischiefe is to fall on me,

And all those Glances which you send
The ruin of my Peace portend

Alas, I know it by the Smart
That has already reach'd my Heart.

Like Dives in Tormenting Fire,
I see the Heav'n that I desire;
'Tis Hell if I may not come nigher.

Ah, what does it avail to me,
That distant Pleasures I may see !
If they must always distant be.

My Griefs are like that Glutton's pain,
In seeing Joys I can't obtain;
Let me not beg like him in vain.

O give me not the worst of Harms,
To see another in your Arms,

While I at distance in Disgrace
Can only grudge his Happiness,
And Envy, View him in a Place
More Blest than *Abraham's* Embrace.

O give me looks that promise aid,
And let the Fires your Eyes have made,
By drops of Pity be allay'd.

Command me, with a pleasing Mien,
To come to taste the Bliss I've seen;
No Gulf to hinder, lies between.

But if there did, fair Opposite,
Do you but look as kind as bright,
Not Seas shall stop what you invite.

Love's Flaming Torch directs the fight;
Leander led by *Hero's* Light,
In safety reach'd his Port by Night.

O do not show me such a Feast,
And then deny me leave to taste.

Those Breasts, those Lips, those Charming Eyes,
Were never made to Tantalize

Then when I eagerly approach,
Let not the lovely Fruit be such,
To tempt the Sight, but fly the Touch.

EPIGRAM.

On a Gentleman that was Drown'd.

HEav'n promis'd once the World shou'd Drown no more,
Judge, is it mindful of the Oath it Swore?
VVhilst his small VVorld in raging Floods is tost,
The greater in its Tears for him is lost.

On the same.

HEav'n, when the Earth first perish'd by the Flood,
Destroy'd the VVicked, but preserv'd the Good;
But now the Miracle revers'd is found,
And he who best deserv'd r' escape, is Drown'd.
Thus Noah's Fate and thine we diff'rent see,
He for the VVorld Laments, the VVorld for thee.

From Martial

YOU say you are so taken up,
At Home you never Dine or Sup:
The Reason may be quickly guest,
For you, if none Invite you, Fast.

Sent to a Lady with a Pen.

FLY, Fly, blest Pen, on thine own Feathers Fly,
To Kiss that Hand that makes thy Master Dye;
All the fair Quills in which the God was dress't,
Tho Leda stroak'd them, were not half so blest.
Like Ovid's Book, to the dear Place you're sent
From whence your Master's driven in Banishment.
Oft shalt thou be in her soft Fingers prest:
VVere I a Quill, and to be so Embrac't,

My

My Ink should flow ; and as I briskly mov'd,
 In every stroke I'd tell how much I lov'd.
 VVhen she wou'd Dictate, and have me Impart
 To some fair Leaf the Secrets of her Heart,
 VVou'd she her usual Cruelties Indite,
 I'd for my self a firm Engagement VVrite
 Above the Tricks of Law, and she shou'd stand,
 Against her Heart, to th' Action of her Hand.
 When e'er she'd to some happy Rival send,
 And wou'd by me have all her Kindness penn'd,
 I'd blot the Words, and o'er the Paper rake
 Or write severely by design'd mistake.
 He for Love-Billers shou'd a Warrant find,
 For Banishment or Execution, sign'd ;
 I'd a false Secretary be to her,
 And make her Hand without her Heart appear.
 Which like the Fingers damp'd *Belshazers* Joy,
 VVith *Mene Tekel*, shou'd his Rest destroy:
 Whilst this dear use I'd of the Treach'ry make,
 To be the Man that shou'd his Kingdom take.

TO

A Lady Wearing a Chain of Gold.

I Hate the sordid Metal, Gold ;
 My Actions have m' Aversion told ;
 And do you wear a *Golden Chain*,
 To shew you must be held by Gain ?
 Is this the Ornament you wear ?
 For Foulest things set off the Fair :
 But how can you more Glorious shine,
 In what takes all its light from thine ?
 Unless, like Stars that seem more bright,
 By painting Clouds with their own light.
 Since you have Grac'd it, I allow
 Gold is indeed inticing now

Might

Might I thole pretious Fetters have,
 I'd be a Miser, or a Slave;
 Yet give the Inclos'd, I'll ask no more,
 But scorn the Mine that gave the Ore.
 Sure Nature never made that Neck }
 For such a Toy as this to Deck, }
 And to restrain thee, tis too Weak:
 O let my Arms supply the place
 They'll add a far more pleasing Grace;
 And the strongest Bonds will prove,
 For nothing holds so fast as Love.
 The Arms of *Atlas* Heaven uphold;
 The Starry Globe's not Hoop'd with Gold:
 And that Heav'n of Bliss to bind,
 Nature and Love my Arms design'd.

ON THE

MARTYRDOM

OF

KING

CHARLES I.

PINDARIQUE.

AT Court too Bashful to be known,
 And noteless in the Noisey Town,
 My Awkerd Ill-dress'd Muse and I,
 (For Muses still are Poor,
 As they were heretofore,)
 For want of better Company,

Thro

Thro' the Gay Park unminded Walk'd alone;
 And as we pass'd the mingled Throng
 Observe, she said,
 As the Old Paradice from Heav'n, this Place,
 From Godlike CHARLES receiv'd its Ornament and Grace,
 And by my well-lov'd Waller's Song
 Was Celebrated made.

See how these well-rang'd Trees in order grow,
 Whether the Monarch's Pow'r, or Poets Musick fix'd them so,
 'Tis hard to know.

But sure they from their Infancy were rear'd
 To be our present Princes Guard:
 For in Array before her Gate
 Th' unwearied Cent'nels wait;
 These Sons of Earth with Heav'n are Friends,
 And for their bold Fore-Fathers make amends;
 They Harm'd the Skies, their Wiser Offspring now
 Guard Heav'n's great Representative below:

See how they stand in Rank and File,
 T' Adorn and to Defend that Sacred Pile;
 That Pile whose Glories lie
 Not in External Pomp to Charm the Eye,
 But like her Mistress, Shines with Humbleness and Majesty.

For since Consuming Fire
 Over the Seat of Antient English Kings
 Did like a *Phœnix* Clap her glowing Wings,
 And wou'd not, 'till her Nest was Burnt, Expire;
 This is Our Monarch's Residence,
 More Splendid by her Influence,
 Than for its bright Resort;

Altho' this Place
 A Thousand Hero's, and a Thousand Beauties Grace.

Hero's who may with *Mars*,
 Of Battels Talk, and Number Scats,
 Fit for Courts, and fit for Wars;
 Beauties who with *Diana*, might Boast Innocence,
 And each with *Venus* might compare a Face;
 Yet 'tis alone the Prince

Can any where Create a Court,
 As none but the all-pow'rful Might
 Cou'd give the *Chaos* Form and Light
 Tho' in it self before, there were Materials for't.

Great *Jove*, when Heav'n's *White-Hall* was Storm'd,
 To th' Humble World came down ;
 And tho' on Earth, his Presence form'd
 A Heav'nly Court and Throne.
 Thus *Jove* and *ANNE*, tho' in the smallest Seat,
 By making it their own,
 Do make it Great.

O *CHARLES* the First, (she Wept and Beat her Breast.)
 How like were you to *Jove* !
 Tho' Rebels both your Thrones possess't,
 You both found other Thrones and Rest ;
 But sure, Great Martyr, thine was best ;
 For he fought his Below, but you found yours above.
 Tell me, *White-Hall*, Ungrateful Palace, tell
 How you cou'd stand, when your good Master fell !
 When he (the sport of Rebels) at thy Gate,
 O Execrable Fate !

Upon a Block, hard as the Patriarch's Bed,
 When all the sporting Angels of the Skys
 In Visions Blest his Intellectual Eyes,
 T' enjoy such real Blessings, lay'd
 With *Sampson's* Courage, his Devoted Head ;
 And from that Scaffold where his Neck did bend,
 To Heav'n, as th' Angels, by a Ladder did Ascend :
 Say why, unlike the large *Philistine-Hall*,
 Thou didst not on the Traytors fall,
 And, with thy Noble Ruin, Crush them all.
 Crush them insulting with more Barbrous Guilt
 Then pulling out their Eyes ;
 Those were but small *Philistine* Cruelties,
 And could not well-grown Villany suffice :
 His Blood, as tho' a *Python's*, must be spilt,
 That Snakes and Serpents from it might arise.

Now Royal Palace, now I know,
 'Twas Heav'n's Command
 Fixt your Foundations sure, and made you stand,
 Thine for such Crimes had been too small a Blow ;
 Nor was it meet that in thy Fall,
 Traytors shou'd share their Monarch's Funeral,
 Traytors reserv'd for Heav'n's Revenging Hand ;

You

You therefore stand with this Intent,
A Witness to the Rebels Shame,
And to the Injur'd Prince's Fame,
An Everlasting Monument.

Alas you stood

The Banquet-House of Blood,
The Rev'rend House was spar'd
Where Pindar and his Muse did once reside,
Out of a due Regard
To the Old Dwelling of the Lofly Bard,
Tho' all the City Flam'd beside.
Thus Fire, that the late Palace did Invade,
And Devastations made,
Durst not, tho' Raging round, presume
To Violate that Dome
Where CHARLES had Liv'd a Glorious King, and Blessed.
(Martyr Dy'd.

A

Triumph after Enjoyment.

From Ovid.

NOW, now, ye Lawrels, round my Temples grow;
My Conqu'ring Arms surround Corinna so:
I did the Blifs thro' Watchful Guards pursue,
And fool'd the Jealous Thing, her Husband, too:
This, tho' a Bloodless Conquest, is so Great,
The Triumph, like the Cause, should be Compleat.
My Forces did not Slender Walls overthrow,
They scorn to stoop to Victory so low;
The Grecian Captains in their Fame did share;
My Glory, like my Blifs, is Singular:
Alone I Won, alone the Palms I Wear:
I Storm'd the Breach, I let Love's Eagles Fly:
Who Glories now, or who Enjoys but I?
'Twas for a Woman Greece with Asia strove;
Troy's Fall was owing to a Woman's Love.

Those

Those Sotts, the Centaures, for a Woman too,
 Spilt Blood and Wine, and Quarts and Weapons threw :
 The harras'd Trojan's Tost from Shoar to Shoar,
 Tho' brought to these Misfortunes by a Whore,
 Once more for that false Sex their Lives ingage ;
 So did the Romans, in Rome's Tender Age ;
 Courage and Love in them had equal Right,
 Who for their Wives, wou'd with their Fathers Fight :
 Two Rival Bulls thus Furiously engage,
 And Love adds Vigour to their Brutal Rage :
 For when the Auth'res of their Feud they view,
 Their Horn'd Assaults, in Bellowings they renew.
 Now Pow'rful Love Commands me to my Arms,
Corrinna Calls me with her kind Alarms.
 Here shall no Bleeding be, no Wounds, nor Scars ;
 We've Pleasing Weapons, for these Tender Wars.

From Martial.

SOME Boon from me, *Cinna*, when e'er you want,
 'Tis Nothing, as you say, for me to Grant :
 With your Demands, how soon will I Comply ?
 Do you Ask Nothing, Nothing I'll Deny.

T O

A Lady Painting a Gentleman.

WHY is your Lover drawn so sad ?
 Upon his Breast he lays his Head,
 And Sighing, sees the Wounds you made.

His Arms Across, as if h' Embrac't
 The Shafts you at his Heart have cast :
 Alas he holds those Darts too fast !

Forgive

Forgive me, if I say, Fair Saint,
Yours, like the Roman Villain's Paint
Does what you Murther, Represent.

So well the Shape and Colours suite,
Like him, it looks ; like it, he's mute.

No Piece can be so like as that,
For which a Lifeless Image sat.

The Fam'd *Apelles* yields to you ;
The Beautious Queen of Love he Drew,
You Love Create, and Paint it too.

The Dismal Picture Finish soon,
That when 'tis like your Lover drawn,
You may relent, and alter what you've done.

A N

ELEGY

O N

*An Old Woman that got her Bread by Playing
upon Two Jews Trumps at the Irish Weddings,
and was Reputed an Hermaphrodite.*

THe Hero Slain, his Sword and Sheild,
And all the Armes he us'd, were Pil'd ;
What, Living, gave him Fame, Upheld
His Corps when Dead.

So *Sheely* Dead, in Doleful wise,
Raife Pyramids of Trumps to th' Skies,
Their Tongues may sound her Obsequies,
On which she Play'd.

D

Well

Well may th' Uphold in Dismal sort,
 Her, who once on them made such Sport;
 They, Living, were the whole support
 She ever had.

Now beat your Breasts, and not your Trumps;
 We'll never more wear Dancing Pumps,
 But shake our Heads instead of Rumps,
 Since Sheely's Dead.

In her Ambiguous Face was seen
 Something of Male and Female Mein,
 Which made her pass for *Epicene*,
 As Fame has Spread.

Some say she was both Lads and Lad,
 And think it thus Demonstrated,
 Upon Two Instruments she play'd,
 To Man and Maid.

The Sexes Harmony indeed,
~~We saw, while her Two Trumps agreed!~~
 Yet that a double Trump she had,
 Could not be said.

But she whose Tunes, with Pleasing Jumps,
 Made Men and Maidens shake their Rumps,
 Hard Fate! At last was put t' her Trumps
 To get her Bread.

May she who was our Trumper here,
 Be *Pluto's* Serjeant Trumpeter,
 And when she Sounds, let Troops appear
 Of Lifting Dead.

Who, tho' she has no Angels Face,
 While Trump she strikes with Awful Grace,
 Her Trump to be the last, may guess
 With Wond'rous Dread!

Were *Orpheus* Lyre so sweetly strung,
 His VVife had 'scap'd th' Infernal Throng;
 For all the Fiends, at such a Song,
 From Hell had Fled.

By

By her, like Fame, Two Trumps are blown,
 Whose Tongues resounding with her own,
 May pass for Cerberus Tripple Tone,
 In Ecchoing Shade.

Now whether she be Maid or Man,
 Or both, no matter, since she's gone;
 For Death has made it all as one
 Nor am I affraid

Left Ases she handle by the Tail,
 Tho' Batchelor, or Maiden stale,
 For they that Female joyn'd to Male,
 Her Marriage made.

Upon a Vintner.

IN Cana the First Miracle,
 Blest Change! Made Water Noble Wine:
 But we in all the Wines you Sell,
 Plenty of VWater Taste:
 Tell me some Learn'd Divine,
 Is this not An-ti-Christ?

S O N G.

Partial Nature has your Sex Undone;
 For all the Gifts Mankind Adore,
 Are by her Bounty yours alone,
 And, like the Patriarch, she can Bless no more.
 Yet Men as Ill a Fate Deplore,
 For since you will Enrich but one,
 The rest must all be Poor.

The Fair shall Covet Charms from you,
 And not from Nature's Hand ;
 As People to those Fav'rites sue,
 Who do their Prince Command.

Some shall Implore your Mein, your Grace,
 And some your Shape, and some your Mind ;
 Some all the Beauties of your Face
 To make up wants in Woman kind.
 Since all desire some Lovely Part,
 O do not Frown, I Ask your Heart.

TO

A Lady Fainting.

A

SONG.

NO VVonder you grow Pale and Faint,
 And do with Cold Expire ;
 Since to my Bosom, you have sent
 Your Heat, and all your Fire.

Yet sure, *Pastora*, this is strange,
 VVhen you are Cold as Snow,
 VVith Terror into Ice I change ;
 At once I Freeze and Glow.

Tell me what Med'cine can controul,
 VVhat Remedy remove
 This *April-Weather* of my Soul,
 This Ague of my Love.

To follow you in Vain I strive,
 Here breaks the Sympathy ;
 You, tho' you're Cold as Death, Revive ;
 VVhilft Cold or VVarm I Dye.

Let us no longer be perplext,
 But both each other take ;
 Your VVinter, with my Summer mixt,
 VVill Pleasant Seasons make.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

*Dr. Huntington, once Provost of Dublin-Colledge,
 late Lord Bishop of Rapho, who Died soon after
 His Consecration.*

As some ripe Youths who at Commencements fit,
 For higher Place than what's assign'd, are fit,
 Vain Honours here to him in vain were giv'n,
 Who well might stand a Candidate for Heav'n ;
 And Heav'n, who Merit equally regards,
 Rais'd him from small, to suitable Rewards.
 Hard, that to those alone Preferments fall,
 Who do Deserve too Well, or not at all!
 Pity Alas ! The Thoughtless World may Cry,
 That his Descent, was to his Rise so nigh :
 As Tow'ring Darts, that upward take their Flight,
 Are nearest Falling, when they're at their Height,
 He is not fall'n, but fixt, beyond our bounded Sight.
 He's Flown as High as his own Lofty Fame ;
 And reach'd his Mark, for Heav'n was all his Aim :
 Mankind might Wish that he had longer stood,
 Who Lov'd their own, beyond their Benefactor's Good.
 Had he Liv'd on, he'd done so much before,
 He might do oftner, but cou'd ne'er do more :
 Thus soon Commencing Perfect, it appears
 His Worth was his Advancement, not his Years.
 The Steps of Glory gradually he past,
 But Leapt the Highest, when he Reach'd the Last.
 From Care of Youth, to Care of Souls he went ;
 Return'd a Bishop, and is now a Saint.

AN

Immodicus brevis est aetas et raro senectus

EPIGRAM

ON

Mucius Scaevola.

From Martial.

TO Purge its Guilt, in Flames he thrust his Hand,
 That smelt the King, and with mean Blood was stain'd;
 But the Brave Foe Commands him from the Fire,
 As too Severe a Wonder to Admire;
 Nor could *Porsenna* see Great *Mucius* Burn,
 A Hand, which he, tho's own, Expos'd with Scorn:
 Thus the strange Glory of his Arm was such,
 Had it not Err'd, it had not done so much.

To Thais, in Imitation of Martial.

SHake Hands, and Kiss no more; thy Smell
 Wou'd Stink the Devil out of Hell;
 The Fumes that Sally from thy Throat,
 Out-stink the Lion, or the Goat.
 A Thousand Undress'd Issues, Faith,
 Are but a Nose-gay to thy Breath.
 For Similes in Pain I think,
 That might Resemble thee in Stink;
 But none to vie with thee are able,
 Thou dost exceed the *Angéan* Stable;
 Thou art a *Lymbeck*; whence Distill
Avernian Drops, whose Scent does Kill.
 Thy Breasts, thy Arm-pits, Toes and Legs,
 Carrion out-do, or Rotten-Eggs;
 Shou'd *Heracles* lay by his Club,
 And he and you whole Ages rub,
 You'd never Smell, do what you will,
 Of any thing but *Thais* still.

Written

*Written under the Picture of Cupid, Sleeping in a
Nymph's Arms, who Cuts his Wings, whilst
Another Steals his Quiver.*

Rise Sampson, Love, and seize the Treach'rous Fair,
That Cuts thy Wings instead of Hair;
See how a Nymph the worst *Philistine* Lies,
And with thy Quiver steals thine Eyes.
Too well 'tis Prov'd, your Sight is in your Darts,
Who still Unerring, hit our Hearts.
But sure some Shaft did from her Breast rebound,
And gave thy self the Fatal Wound,
For she, Fond Love has forc'd thee to Reveal,
The Parts your Secret Power Conceal.
And you Poor Bratt, lull'd by her Mortal Charms,
Lose all your Godhead in her Arms.
Will you in Follies you Disperse, partake?
For Safety Rise, for Shame Awake.
Painters may Dye, for what their Pencils Drew,
Alcides Wisely Sigh for you;
Sampson may Smile, who with thy Passions Burn'd,
To see them on thy self return'd;
Deceiv'd by thee, he Credited the Maid;
But thou art by thy self Betray'd.
But O, Great Love, I Idely Rail at thee;
Thou'rt but a Fool in Effigie;
Rise, Seize thy Arrows and thy Bow,
And make the Mistress of this Satyr know
By Loveing me, what thou canst do.

*On a Mineral in the North of Ireland, to which
People come from Scotland, and other Places, to
be Cured of Diseases.*

For Introduction, not to stay,
I Sing, as Poets use to say,
The Virtues, Cures, Effects, and Nature,
Of a rare Spring of Min'ral Water.
I beg'd the Muses to Inspire
And fill me with Poetick Fire :
Clio, Quoth I, I do presume
For Kindling to your Well to come;
For it may Wonders do as easily
As *Athamas*, that Brook of *Theffaly*,
Which, as some Authors Warrant, cou'd
With its own Billows Burn a Wood :
Upon my VVord you shan't lose by
The Kindness done your Friend, for I
Will as a Bellows, VVind draw in
Rapture to give it you again.
Quoth she, you had as good draw Breath,
Only to let it out beneath ;
VVou'd you High Flights and Fancies throw
Away, upon a Theam so low
As this, the worst of *Vulcan's* Forges,
VVhose very Name gives Stools and Purges :
This Noble Fountain is his Piss-pot,
VVhere every Cylops empties his-pot :
VVhose Bladders, full of Iron Dust,
Have made their Urine taste of Rust :
Shall Inspiration Condescend
Its Use, for such a filthy end ?
No——Quakers Lights we first shall find
Expire in Breezes from behind.
Shall we Extol this VVell for thee,
And do our own an Injury ?
As Bellows, to VVarm others, Blows
A Fire that Scorches its own Nose.
Go to the VVell you Praise, and Tipple,
Twill help you in its Fame to Scribble ?
Unless it Cure Poetick Itch,
As well as that on VVrist or Breech.
This said, she Div'd into her Pool,
Like Gifted Nymph in Ducking Stool.
VVhen I Enrag'd, burst out with louder
Threatnings, than Cannons Charg'd with Powder :
Thou Dirty Draggel-Tail, Abuseful
Hussy, to Slander things so Useful ;
That this is so, here's Demonstration,
I'll from it Drink my Inspiration :
For if Strong VVine can make a Man
Most Eloquent, do what he can ;

Such

Such Potent Water may at least sure
 Be said to make a Poetaster.
 Had this been known no drop of *Helicon*
 Had e'er into a Poet's Belly gone,
 But all had hither come to Guzz'le,
 For which you keep so great a Bussle.
 'Tis Woman's Property to Slander
 VVhat she believes Deserves beyond her :
 For which you call our VVell a Piss-pot,
 Tho' I can clearly prove it is not :
 Nor is't the Urine of a Lusty
 Cyclops, which makes it taste so Rusty :
 But in this Forge is drunk by *Vulcan*,
 When Hot at VVork, in many Full-Can,
 VVho VVashing in't is grown so Fair,
 That *Venus* has been heard to Swear,
 (Tho' she's a Self-Conceited Dame)
 Such Beauty from the Sea ne'er came :
 Of this same Iron, Bombs are form'd,
 And Cannons, by which Towns are Storm'd.
 Strange, that from Implements of Slaughter
 Shou'd rise such Med'cinal healing VVater !
 And that by Nature from one VVomb,
 Health and Destruction both shou'd come.
 As it is now grown common to make
 Of Vipers, Cordials for the Stomach :
 And so the *Agriophigians*,
 People of *Æthiope*, Eat Lions,
 And Panthers too, as may be read,
 Feeding on those they often Fed :
 And thus the Hair, as Authors VVrite,
 Of Churlish Mastiff, Cures his Bite ;
 Or Hair of the same Dog, as Drunkards
 Have it, when taking their Cool Tankards,
Parnassus Puddle has undone
 A Million, but done good to none.
 There's as much Deadliness in you as
 In both the Fountains of *Berous* ;
 And I defy the Muses Nine, or all
 The World, to prove your Well a Min'ral.
 Tho' they shou'd Swear and Lye for Proofs.
 That *Pegassus*, when with his Hoofs
 He Dug that Spring, had there t' infuse
 A Min'ral Virtue, left his Shooes.
 Yet shou'd our Well be seen by one
 Who ne'er had been at *Helicon*,
 That this were it he'd surely Swear,
 To see so many Beggars there ;
 Beggars that come, 'tis odd, to lose
 Sicknes and Sores, their Trades t' excuse :
 But they are of a Sharping Nation,
 Where Begging shou'd be Education ;
 For where a Famine does abound,
 A better Calling can't be found :

Which is, as I suppose, the reason
 Why most of them's of that Profession:
 So these come hither to be made
 Lusty, to Exercise their Trade;
 And, like good Factors, to be able
 To vend abroad their Countries Staple
 Goods, if False Doctrine, Itch and Lice,
 Are vendable Commodities:
 Yet they are Wares we pay too dear for,
 In buying them we know not wherefore;
 As Subjects do from Tyrants rent
 Dearly, what they had rather want.
 But Charity turn'd Tyrant, forces
 Us, to relieve our greatest Curses;
 As were our Hearts, like *Pharaoh's* meant
 With Plagues to soften and relent.
 That we Maintain them, 's not enough,
 Till they are Clean'd from Head to Hoofe:
 But here they stay, and set their Stage up,
 To Act anew the Plagues of *Aegypt*:
 They turn our Water into Gore,
 Colour'd with Juice of many a Sore;
 Some for Scrubbado Wash, and some
 For Fistula in Brawny Bum:
 And tho' they have both Scabs and Pox on
 Their Skins, they grow as Clean as Oxen;
 Those Oxen who, as Authors Write,
 Drinking *Clytumn's* Stream grew white:
 Yet that *Italian* Brook had less
 And neater Brutes to Cleanse, than these
 So now, as 'tis my wont in all things,
 I do Compare great things with small things,
 And those Oxen with *Pudendum*,
 Perhaps bepifs the Water Clean'd 'em:
 These to their Benefactors, Scruff,
 Like *Aegypt's* Dust, from Wrists shake off;
 VVhich Lice becomes, and Biles, and Blains,
 On Man and Beast, thro' all our Plains.

Shall *Ireland* any longer brag
 Of Quart'ring neither Toad nor Frog,
 VVhen such a Spawn does on her lye,
 In heaps to Stink and Putrify?
 VVhen in our Pool which they have stir'd
 As in *Bethesda*, they are Cur'd;
 And like the Frogs of *Aegypt*, from
 The VVaters, to our Houses come;
 And boldly downwards VValk and upwards,
 Both to our Beds, and to our Cupboards.

Thus has the Spring that Heald us, broke us,
 By drawing hither all these Locusts,
 These Caterpillers, who Devour
 Both ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Flow'r;
 Tho' not from Heav'n, they come like Hail,
 And leave no Tree, or Stalk of Kale.

And

And as the Hone of *Nevius* set
 An edge on Razor's Appetite,
 So keen and sharp that it cou'd Eat Stone,
 By which it cut that very Whet-Stone.
 Our Waters by an uselefs Whetting
 Of Stomachs, always keen at Eating,
 Have made them, unlike Drunkards, think
 They'll eat the more, the more they drink ;
 For they get Victuals, who but tell
 That for their Health they drink the Well ;
 Therefore to get more Meat, and better,
 Stomachs, they do devour their Whetter ;
 And when thus sharpen'd by the Stream,
 Wou'd eat the Iron whence it came ;
 For it suits Ostrich-Pallers most,
 In Liquor to have Iron Toast ;
 And Iron Balls wou'd be the best
 Meat, their Proud Stomachs cou'd Digest
 'Twou'd make their Cripples, and their Blind,
 Both Sight and Limbs for Flying find ;
 For when they from our Country sunder,
 'Twill be like *Israel*, by a Wonder :
 O ! Wou'd they only Plague us too,
 Like *Israel*, till we'd let 'em go.

But as good Wheat and Barley grows,
 From the Sir-reverence of Cows,
 But as fine Garden Flowers from Horse-Turds,
 So from the Dunghil Beggars Bastards,
 When they've been Rich a Generation
 Or two, Spring up to Men of Fashion ;
 And if a Beggars Wealthy Grandson
 May be Grand Beau, and very Handsom,
 You will allow his Son, I hope,
 To be a Petty Homely Fop,
 And many of this demi - sort
 Of *Beaux* t' our Waters do resort ;
 Who are so Drest, one wou'd imagine, they
 Onely came here to show their Pageantry ;
 And with fine Trappings look for Consort
 Of Beauty bright, and of their own sort ;
 For here are Tawdry Females too :
 Of the same Brood, and the same Hue ;
 Some come in Splended Garniture,
 Who for Green-Sickness want a Cure ;
 With Anguezans and Mant ! Of Stuff,
 Less Dirty than their Native Buff,
 Their Buff of such a Yellow Grain,
 I thought I at the Bath had been,
 And that each Nymph had Canvals Smock on ;
 'Till out at Heels Obliging Stocking,
 And Favourable Blast of Wind,
 Thro' Slit of Petticoate behind,
 Gave me a Prospect of Kerbunkles,
 That Grac'd their Buttock, and their Ankles.

VVhen

VVhen I saw this, and all the Rubies,
 That did adorn their Necks and Bubbies,
 Quoth I, they're Indians, as I guess,
 Both by their Colour and their Dress;
 In Beads and Swarthiness, their Pride
 Lies, and in being Scarrifi'd,
 But these good Hufwives hating Sloth,
 And drest in things of their own growth,
 All Bracelets but their own to wear,
 They scorn, as much as Beads of Prayer :
 For Gloves, they wear their own Tan'd Leather,
 Good Proofs against all Wind and VVeather ;
 And frugally do make their own
 Dirt, serve to Mask them from the Sun.
 Thus to most Beasts has Nature dealt her
 Favours, to make their Skins their Shelter.

These Ladies do both Shoot and Fell-beaux,
 VVith Many Arrows from their Elbows,
 Infecting them with Am'rous Itching;
 For the Scrubbado's Plaguy Catching :
 O Happy Pair, who make a Match,
 And then Reciprocally Scratch !

But whilst the Nymphs in this Array
 To Charm us come, well may we say,
 That they, like Gladiators, mean
 Folks Hearts by Horrid Sights to gain :
 Yet all their Lovers thus may Cry,
 And what's unusual, tell no Lie ;
 Ah Lovely Maids ! Had you but seen
 Your own Boon Air, and Charming Mien,
 In the Reflection of this Pond,
Narcissus-like you wou'd have Drown'd :
 For had they there beheld their Face
 They'd Drown themselves to Break the Glas.

But no, they cou'd not Perish sure,
 In such an Universal Cure ;
 Unless by too much Health they Dye,
 As some by too much Drink grow Dry.
 A Zealous Lad, one *Cleombrotus*,
 Reading *Plato*, (as Authors Note t' us)
 Like dipt *Achilles*, vainly Dived,
 Into the Sea, to be long Long Lived :
 Not but he knew that Mr. *Plato*
 VVould not a Finger hold, nor a Toe,
 But 'twas a Hope, that made this Noddy
 Of his Soul's Being, Drown his Body :
 Had he Plung'd here, he'd been mistaken
 In Dying, for he'd sav'd his Bacon ;
 And more than ev'n the Soul's great end,
 VVhich he sought falsely, had obtain'd ;
 Here does such Health, such Vigor flow,
 His Flesh had been Immortal too.

No VVonder then, it Cures the Pale-Ladies
 And Green ones too, of all their Maladies,
 And

And that our VVell makes Rotten Misses
 As Sound as Trouts, who Drink like Fishes;
 Curing as well in half a Day, as
 In half a Year their Gonorrheas;
 But what the Green-Sick Damzels bear
 For Ease, I think is too Severe,
 Whose Sov'raign Med'cine is enduring
 A great Obstruction of their Urine.
 Some to Adjacent Thickets Ramble,
 O're many Brake, and many Bramble,
 And to the Trees, when all alone,
 As Authors have it, make their Moan;
 Whose Yelping does Knight Arrant flush
 Like Wood-Cock from behind a Bush,
 Some hold by Chance they here Arrive;
 And some, because they're Laxative;
 But be't as 'twill, the Mourning Lads
 By Knight's Reliev'd in her Distress:
 For to Aid Damzels, all Knights Arrant
 Are Bound, as Antique Authors Warrant;
 Then Nymph with long Fatigue and Sicknes,
 Is seiz'd i' th' Arms with such a Weakness,
 That down she Falls, O! Pitious Sight!
 In the Embraces of the Knight.
 Who far from help among the heather,
 For Life is forc'd to struggle with her:
 At length the Lady with much Pain
 And Labour, is Restor'd again;
 Who Rising gives a Wide-Mouth Simper
 For being Cur'd of her Distemper:
 Thus all these Damzels, like a Ball,
 Do rise the better, that they fall.

How stragling Friends are separated,
 Is often in Romance Related,
 Where Brother often looseth Sister,
 And Knight his Mistress in a Mist, or
 In a thick VVood, or in a VVaggon,
 Thro' *Welkin* Drawn b' Inchant'd Dragon:
 From Sweet-heart some, and some from Parent,
 By Magick in a VVhirlle-VVind are rent.
 And Combatants are parted, yet
 They all again as strangely meet
 From antient Sores and Bruises free
 Receiv'd in Feats of Chivalry,
 And Princess, spight of all Endeavour,
 Returns as good a Maid as Ever.

So here by Accidents as strange,
 Friends part, and thro' the Bushes Range;
 Wife, Husband, Sweet-hearts, Sister, Brother,
 All give the slip to one another;
 But at the Well meet all by chance,
 Good Maids and Sound, as in Romance:
 And tho' they've lost their Maidenheads-since,
 Or have got Claps, here's store of Med'cines;

And thou'd our Waters Vertue fail,
 Flaws in a Maiden-head to heal,
 Intriguing with good Management,
 An Art that Women seldom want,
 Will Varnish like False Coin the Sex,
 Sodder and Gild their greatest Cracks,
 Make 'em bear touch and currant pass
 For Gold, when all is worthless Brass.
Aspendus play'd on Harp so softly,
 Or Authors Lie, as they do oft - lie
 That none his Churlish Notes cou'd hear,
 More than the Musick of a Sphere.
 So his Spectators cou'd not say,
 They saw him, or they heard him Play;
 So whilst these Ladies do conceal
 The Pleasures they in Silence steal,
 They may be thought, but can't be said,
 More than the Harper, to have Play'd.

A S O N G.

AH tell me why such Heavenly Pow'r
 Delights to Tyrannize!
 I am the Suppliant who Adore,
 Yet am the Sacrifice.

Perhaps cou'd I your Charms Oppose,
 I better might Succeed:
 For Tyrants Parley with their Foes,
 And make their Subjects Bleed.

From Martial.

MY Lady has White Teeth, Black Stumps has *Joan*,
 The Reason is, *Joan* always Wears her own.

To a Lady, Singing to a Base-Viol.

A S O N G.

MY Fair *Pastora*, when you Sing,
 And to your Fingers Tune your Voice,
 My Heart, my Heart,
 With ev'ry moving String,
 To which your Touch does Life Impart,
 Trembles, but can't like them Rejoyce.

They of the Favour Proud,
 Proclaim their Sweetest Bliss in Sweetest Notes aloud;
 Musick gives Life, you Life to Musick give;
 And ev'ry Ear with Rapture fill,
 But O, but O, I cannot Live!
 Alike your Voice and Beauty Kill!
 All I Ask, let ev'ry String
 The Death of him you Murther'd Ring,
 Methinks 'twill please me well,
 To hear your Base Sound, Sound, my Passing Bell.

From

From Martial.

YOU to the Childless Rich, large Gifts bestow,
 And wou'd be Gen'rous thought for doing so;
 But nothing's Baser than the Varnish'd Drift,
 To make a Snare, of what you call a Gift:
 Thus Netts and Hooks that Food pretend to give,
 Unthinking Beasts, and Foolish Fish Deceive:
 If Presents you wou'd make, and Lib'ral be,
 Without Design, prithee bestow on me.

To a Gentleman who Fell, striving to Throw a Lady Down.

BOLD Gyant-like, thou'rt Headlong thrown,
 Who strove to Pull a Goddess down,
 And at her Feet art prostrate layd,
 Imploring what you durst Invade:
 Say how you cou'd so Rudely move
 The Ark of the Great God of Love,
 And not like Heathen *Dagon* prove?
 Durst thou attempt that Heav'n to Scale,
 Whence Darts Descend as thick as Hail?
 See how your Breast receives 'em all,
 And with a Load of Love you fall:
 Some Freedoms you were still allow'd,
 The Bliss you lik'd with Leave you View'd;
 But daring more, you grasp'd at Heav'n,
 From whence Despairing you are driv'n:
 So *Tantalus* might See and Smell,
 But when he strove to reach the Fruit, he fell.

To a Lady, Desiring Him, to Sing, or Write a Song.

AH tell me which is most Severe,
 Thou Dear, thou Tempting Thing,
 To make me Love you in Despair,
 Or in my Pains to Sing!
 To Love you in Despair, is Death;
 To Sing, your Frowns wou'd move:
 For all I Say, for all I Breathe,
 Wou'd tell you that I Love.
 And such Presumptions don't become
 An Humble Lover's Suit;
 Deep Adoration shou'd be Dumb,
 As truest Grief is Mute.
 But shou'd I Write, how Bold I'd be,
 (For Love to Write Impow'rs;)
 I shou'd not only tell I Dye,
 But that the Fault is your's.
 The Syrens Murther'd with their Voice;
 My Jarring Notes cou'd do
 Such Mischief, shou'd I make the Noise,
 I'd be Reveng'd on you.

But

But how shall I raise any Strains,
For you who make me Dye;
Unless I, like Expiring Swans,
Sing my own Elegy.

To a Lady at Bowls.

SEE, my *Pastora*, how the willing Bowle,
Sent by your Hand, o'er the Green Plain does Roule;
And as it does, pleas'd with it's Office, pafs,
It Hums its Joy to all the list'ning Grasse:
What that Fair Hand does Guid, can never Err;
It neither stops too soon, nor flies to far:
But just as your Directing With Commands,
Obeys, and in the Place appointed stands:
Each part of me shou'd so Observe your Hands.

To a Lady Kissing a Black Boy.

STill shall my Love my Rage controul,
And shall the Venom of my Soul
In silence bear thy Dirty Pride,
That gives an Imp what I'm Deny'd:
No—— whilst you Kiss that Child of Night,
My Blood grows black, as he, with Spite;
No more I'll call him Happy Boy,
Or Covet what he does Enjoy;
No longer Idle Fancies feign
To Flatter Actions give me Pain;
Nor will I Swear to make thee Proud,
That thou'rt the Sun, and he the Cloud;
Or that your Eyes have Scorcht him more
Than the fall'n Sun his Sires before:
Nor when I see the Devil Kiss'd,
Say, tho' you Burn him, he is Bless'd:
Nor will I Prize at any Rate,
What you so cheaply give the Bratt:
Pray Heav'n when next you joyn your Lips,
It prove for Ever an Eclipse,
And may his Blackness stain your Face;
And you, like ugly *Acco Dye*, when next you see a Glasse.

Canace to Marcareus Paraphrased.

From Ovid.

LIVE my *Macareus*, Long and Happy Live;
I with the Blessing, tho' not mine to give:
If in these Lines, some Guilty Blot you see,
As great as is my Stain in Loving thee,
Dear Tender Youth forgive it, when you know
From *Canaces* own Blood, the Spots did flow:

My

My Hands at once imploy the Sword and Pen ;
 One Tells, and t'other Acts the Fatal Scene.
 Ah were the Cruel Cause, my Father, by,
 To view me whilst by his Commands I Dye ;
 Tho' he more Fierce than all his Winds, unmov'd
 Brought me no Good, but Kill'd, what once he Lov'd :
 Justly he sways the Empire of the Winds,
 Who frames his Nature to his Subjects Minds.

What now avails my vain Descent from *Jove*?
 Avail? Ah no! It has undone my Love :
 Were I the Offspring of some meaner Prince,
 I might have Lov'd you with my Innocence.

O my *Macareus* ! Had that Hour ne'er been
 That first Intic'd us to the Pleasing Sin!
 Why Ask'd you more than Brothers are allow'd ?
 Why was I Kinder than a Sister shou'd ?

I Lov'd Alas ! And felt the softest Pains ;
 Was Charm'd, but knew not by what Lovely means :
 From some strange God receiv'd the gentle Flame ;
 Acquainted with his Pow'r, before his Name :
 I've thought my Panting Heart, like Wheels that turn,
 And warm'd by their own restless Motion, Burn :

Your sight still feis'd me with a strange surprise,
 And I met secret Pleasures in your Eyes :
 By unknown Influence forc'd, I Gaz'd thee round ;
 And in the search, Joys as unknown I found.
 My Thoughts to all the World, and you my Dear.
 And to my own Discov'ry, strangers were.

'Twas then the Native Red my Cheeks forsook,
 And languid Love reign'd in each Pining look :
 Then with sick Heart I loath'd the offer'd Meat,
 And took but little, when compel'd to Eat,
 The Night, when day and you, my Life, were gon,
 Crept in unusual Tedious paces on :
 No wonder 'twas a dark impatient Night,
 Depriv'd, like me, of its dear Charming Light :

Nature and I in dusky silence mourn'd,
 She 'till the Day, I 'till my Soul return'd,
 For you my Sighs oft unawares complain'd,
 In strange desires, that sooth me whilst they pain'd :

Ah my *Macareus* ! Yet I little knew
 I languish'd, sigh'd, or pining wish'd for you ;
 The Antient Tutress of my Tender Years,

By Age experienc'd more in such Affairs,
 First, by my Mein, my restless Thoughts deserv'd,
 And, *You're in Love, my Canace*, she cry'd.

I Hung my Head and in Disorder said,
 Ah no ! — why shou'd you Wrong a Guiltless Maid ?
 With such a Blush I spoke, and such a tone,
 My Love was most by the Denial known.

Nor were th' effects of our soft Transports hid,
 But in my Bulk proclaim'd the Sin I did :
 Th' Incestuous Joys in Extasie bestow'd,
 Great, like my Crime, became a grievous Load :
 She saw my shame, which carefully to hide,
 More shameful means and guilty ways she try'd :

VVhat Herbs, what Potions, was I forc'd to take,
 To act a Murther for my Honour's sake?
 But still the Infant prosper'd in the Womb;
 Shelter'd in what was meant to be his Tomb.
 Ere the Ninth Moon diminish'd in her Waine,
 I was in a whole Orb of Pain:
 Urg'd by unusual Pangs, I Screeck'd, I Cry'd,
 Wildly Proclaiming what I ought to hide:
 No thoughts my raving Tortures cou'd Command,
 'Till she suppress the Outcries with her hand:
Ah Canace! She said, Will you reveal
In Groans, what Dying you shou'd most conceal!
 I then, forbid the solace to Lament,
 Was wrack'd within, with Griefs I durst not vent:
 What shou'd I do, in grinding Labours pain'd?
 Grief urg'd my Groans, and Fear and Shame restrain'd;
 My bursting Sighs lock'd in my Breast I kept,
 And, like a Dang'rous Wound, I inward Wept;
 Back to their Fountains, I my Tears recall,
 Or drank 'em up, if any chanc'd to fall:
 'Twas then, in Raptures, worth our Love, you prest,
 My throbbing Bosom to your panting Breast:
Live, O! You Cry'd, My Dearest Sister, do;
Or I sustain a double Loss in you:
Restore my Wishes with thy Fleeting Life;
I made thee Mother, and will make thee Wife:
For whilst our Mutual Stay on Earth Endures,
You shall be mine, and I for ever Yours.
 Such Words had pow'rful Balm, and I Reviv'd;
 Liv'd to be yours, for you alone I Liv'd:
 Big with these hopes, as if he wanted room
 The Infant with regret forsook the Womb,
 As knowing to what World he was to come.
 But he no sooner had beheld the light,
 Than cover'd from my Furious Fathers sight,
 How to conceal him, did your Cares imploy;
 That in his Birth you had no time for Joy:
 My Nurse, to save the Mother and the Child,
 Studdy'd how *Aeolus* should be beguil'd:
 Then o'er the Innocent she Branches spread,
 At once a Ceremony and a Shade:
 And thus aloud, with Pious Fraud she said,
A Sacrifice shall to the Gods be made:
 The boist'rous Winds, and he, their God, withdrew;
 And gave her unmolested passage thro',
 Then she, with trembling steps and conscious haste,
 Almost thro' all the VVindy Cave had past,
 And all the Stormers by their Zeal deceiv'd,
 Refrain'd their Blasts, and the feign'd Rites believ'd:
 Thus with false Sacrifice she did proceed;
 Ah no! It prov'd a Sacrifice indeed:
 For when just out of Danger, and the Gate,
 The Infants Cries, procur'd his hasty Fate:
 The furious God, who heard the Voice more plain,
 That his own Voice, the Winds, were all serene;

Freed

Freed all his Blasts, and with a blust'ring roar,
 Blew off the Leaves, and the kind Branches tore;
 The Tender Babe in his Rough Arms he took,
 Which saw such Terror in his Dreadful Look,
 That more with Fear, than with his VVinds, he shook:
 He blew, and hurl'd his Furious Eyes around,
 And all the Caverns with his Breath did found:
 Toft by his Tempests, the disorder'd Sea
 Shows frighted Waves, I more afraid than they,
 Shook the whole Bed in which I trembling lay.
 Loud as himself, whilst he divulg'd my shame,
 Resolv'd to Kill me, as he did my Fame;
 Dread froze my Tongue, and its vain use forbid,
 And I in Floods of Tears my Blushes hid.

Let this Unhappy Brat, said he, be Born

To Desert Rocks, by Monsters to be torn.

How was I rack'd ye Gods, at this Decree!
 Tho' there's no Savage more Severe than he:
 Ere my Lov'd Infant went, I seem'd to bear
 All the Wild Beasts that must his Bowels tear
 Whilst the small Suppliant with what Voice it could,
 And soft indearing Looks, for Pity su'd.

Ah weigh my Sorrows by your own, my Dear!
 (For as my Thoughts, you all my Passions share)
 When they rent from me, to be made a Prey,
 The Tye of both our plighted Souls away;
 When the poor Babe, and all my Joys were gon;
 And the Fierce God, left me to Rave alone:
 In Boundless Ragings I Unlock'd my Tongue,
 I Cry'd, I Scream'd my Pervert Hands I wrung;
 To my sad Heart in Blows I told my Fate
 Which, swifter than my Cruel Arms, did beat;
 I tore my Face into a Purple Flood;

I Sigh'd in Howlings, and I VVept in Blood,
 Then came one doubly Arm'd, who did afford
 Death in his Face, and in his Hand a Sword;
 Ere from his Lips the dismal Message broke,
 His Eyes the fatal Embassy bespoke:
Æolus, said he, *sant this, and bid you know*
From your own Guilty Actions what to do:
 I took the Sword, and this return I made,
 Who gave me Life, in Death shall be obey'd:
 I, who receive it with the greatest Joy,
 As he design'd, the Weapon will employ;
 It is a Present for this Bolom fit,
 Nor shall it have a meaner Cabinet.

Is this the Portion my Kind Father sent?
 Will it not make me wondrous Opulent?
 Fly, Sacred Hymen, fly from this Offence;
 All here's too sad, bear thy glad Torches hence;
 Light them to some more Happy Nymph than I;
 This fatal Weapon must your place supply:
 My Bridegroom, Death, does not your Lamps require.
 Except to set my Fun'ral Pile on Fire.

How *May*

May you, my Sisters, whom I leave behind,
A better Fate with fitter Husbands find;
Remember me, and what has me Undone,
Forgive the Actor, and the Action shun.

But how has my Sweet Infant Guilty been,
Too young to Think, or too Commit a Sin?
If I am Worthy Death, I Dye you see:
Why Dyes this only harmless part of me?
I am the alone Criminal; Ah why
Should there be any Sufferer but I?

A Child to some a Blessing, is my Cross;
In Pains I Bore him, and in Griefs his Loss:
Yet, Ah my Dear! Ah little did I prove,
The last sad Symptoms of a Mother's Love:
Torn from my Arms, Wild Savages to Feast;
One Short-liv'd Day, was both your First and Last:
No Tears of Duty o'er thy Urn I shed,
Nor on thy Pile Distracted Tresses spread;
Nor Printed Kisses on thy Chilly Clay,
Nor took the Old Impressions still with New away:
But Oh! Mysterious force of Sympathy!
I feel each Pain, and share each Pang with thee:
Thou'rt gone, my Life, nor can I thee Survive,
Nor long a Mother, nor long Childless Live.

Dear Charming Youth, fled from my Arms in vain;
In vain, for Death will bring thee mine again:
What part of him the Monsters Hungers leave,
Interr with me in the same silent Grave;
A double Favour in this one, you'll do;
In him I shall Possess a Part of you:
Live many Years, do this, and think of me
Who Living, Thought, and Acted all for thee.

In Imitation of Tibullus.

THE Pow'r that first Confirm'd me yours,
And gave you Right before,
Too well the Conquest now Secures,
To dread Invading Pow'r.

None shall Ufurpe your Lawful Throne,
Or thence your Sway remove;
Rule me, my *Delia*, me alone,
Since you alone I Love.

Scorn not the Tribute of my Heart,
Because tis Poor and Small;
Others may give a larger part,
Than I who give my All.

Yet let my Slender All suffice;
Ambitious Thoughts give o're;
My Victress, *Delia*, Sheath your Eyes;
And cease to Conquer more.

Here let your Arms their Limits take,
Here let your Triumphs cease;

Lest as you greater Trophies make,
You shou'd Despise the Less;

How

How wou'd I Rob you of your Due,
And Wish your Force were less;
That I alone might Worship you,
And I alone Possess.

Who does as Small, his Bliss Despise,
'Till others speak it Great?

When he like them begins to Prize,
Perhaps may prize too late.

But he who knows his Mistress's Charms,

And wou'd secure his Bliss,
Conceals the Treasure in his Arms,
From ev'ry Eye but his.

So *Delia*, wou'd I Dwell with thee,

In Defarts yet unknown;

Blest only in your Company,

I'd think the World alone.

*An Epi'ogue. Spoken to Hannibal, as it was
Acted in a Barn by the Gentry of the County of
Cork in Ireland.*

OUR Barn that fed our Taste, now feeds our Sight;
Changing the Scene of Labour, to Delight;
And since our Floor's become a Stage; it yields
A Hero's Harvest, Reap'd from Bloody Fields;
Taught by the Antients, we presume to show,
Such Lofty Feats, upon a Stage so low,
Thespis, the first Tragedian, play'd his part,
Like Dismal Thief, turn'd Orator in Cart,
And those first Fruits, which in his Wain he bore,
With large Encrease are Winnow'd on our Floor;
None need Admire to see Wight *Hannibal*,
VVith Sheaffs of Barley undistinguish'd fall,
The Proverb says— No Fence against a Flail;
Shou'd we Act ill, of want we're not afraid;
If we can Thrash, we may have better Bread:
Here let no Anxious Discontent be known,
But what's for Pleasure, in fatal Image shown;
Let fruitless Cares be blasted in the Ear,
Like ill grown Corn, and never enter here.
Drive Noxious Grief far distant from the Door,
As the fierce Pestilence was heretofore
Stopt at the *Jebusite's* Fam'd Thrashing Floor.

*An Epilogue. Spoken to the Spanish-Friar, Acted
in a Barn as aforesaid, in the Year 1699.*

When the Friars were Banish'd Ireland.

WWith what Assurance, in this Dang'rous Age,
Can a Bold Friar Tread a Publick Stage?
For Friars now, who come to Act a part,
Must make a Tragick Exit in a Cart.

Some

Some here may say, and straight begin Pell-mell,
To Brain our Friar with Protelting Flail;
But hold, I'll you why he should be spar'd,
Pray don't Condemn him till his Case is heard.

First, Ladies, that he may your Pity move,
Consider he's a Brawny Friend to Love;
And does a Trade of Unity Profess,
(A Vertue seldom proper to the Dress)
For tho' he does put Folks together too,
It is not by the Ears, as others do;
He comes not to Disturb our Countries Peace;
His Plots are Love, and Pining Lovers Ease;
And by one Calling he does still resort
The Place whence t'other Banish'd him, the Court:
Without a Bribe he joins us all to Night,
Ladies and Beaus, I hope to your Delight.
Let not our Friar like your Soldiers fare,
Serve, and be broke because a Foreigner:
Discard him not, for he's a Denizen;
May he that would, be forc'd to be a Nun,
Turn Green as she grows Old, her Harnecks Charm
Be glad to Cloyster in some Friars Arms.

Was he at London, where kind Ladies Dwell,
He would be soundly Clapt for Acting well:
And yet our Spanish Friar does not fear
(Since he fears none but Cuckolds) any here,
But if his Judges, Gormez-like, Condemn
O may you all be Cuckolds too, like him.

The Complaint of Pegasus.

THUS to be Ridden, Whipt and Spur'd,

In Silence cannot be endur'd:

Blows did a Silly Ass provoke,

With Reason, and with Cause the Spoke.

Nay, Tubs and Pans with fullen Dub

Murmur at Strout of Massy Club:

The empty Baggpipe and the Drum,

When Squeez'd or Beaten, are not Dumb:

And shan't I for my self Dispute,

Since nothing's got by being Mute?

The Samian Wrestler lost by Wrong,

His Prize, which made him find a Tongue:

Then will I speak, tho' of Discourse

I know as little as a Horse.

Ye Gods, since first I was a Fool,

There's not a Transmigrating Soul

Has suffer'd half such sad Disasters

In change of Shapes, as I in Masters

Most of Mankind have been my Plaguers

Few Kings, some Great Men, many Beggars

The Great Rid neither High nor Far,

They both themselves, and keeping spare:

The Lover's kept me at a Gallop,

In vain pursuit of Flying Trollop:

The *Philomath* Astrologers,
 Wou'd Rest upon me to the Stars;
 To fetch Advice, and make Relation,
 In High Flown *Mamibly Observation*;
 But I've play'd such a Coltish trick,
 And cast them down so Lunatick,
 Thro' *Grubstreet* they came Stumbling back,
 To Warble forth an *Almanack*;
 Judge when poor Rogues, like these, do back me,
 If I am not a Wretched Hackney?
 For set a Beggar once astride,
 The Proverb tells you where he'll Ride.

Poets and Poetesses Millions,
 I without Saddles Bore, or Pillions,
 The First that Mounted, was *Beleroophon*,
 Without a Bridle or a Stryap on,
 Thinking 'twas only Up and Ride,
 Like *C—d* Whipt me Back and Side;
 Above the Stars he thought t' ascend,
 But like *Furator* mist his end;
 And as high Lookers in an Humble
 Sir-reverence may chance to tumble,
 He daring such a Lofty Pitch,
 Fell Giddy backward on his Breech;
 I forward went, but was kick'd down
 By th' Fiery Stallions of the Sun,
 With Founder'd Feet and Weasied Hams,
 Then in sad Tones, I Neigh'd the *Psalms*;
 But since I have better Riders found,
 I Prance on that uneven Ground;
 How chang'd am I from what I was,
 Pamper'd by Starving *Hedibras*?
 For now! Oh now! Some ruling cross Star
 Sends me each Hour some Poetaster,
 Like that Mad Fool, *Bellerophon*,
 At full Career still Spurring on;
 They strain to Soar, Rough Ways they Climb,
 And stretch at Subjects most Sublime;
 Some Heav'n attempt, and some their King;
 But Bray, whilst they design to Sing,
 For such a Vein they must go higher,
 Than Bold *Prometheus* for his Fire;
 For 'tis more Difficult to Draw
 Of Heav'n, and of the Great *Nassaw*
 A Copy, than to give a Birth
 T' Originals of Common Earth;
 Yet high as e're thro' Telescope
 Astrologer at Star look'd up:
 They strive to fly; but I who know
 Their certain Danger will not go,
 I keep the Asses back from hurt,
 And like an Ass am Curry'd for't:
 So some wh' in Quarrels interpose,
 Form them they Save get Bloody Nose.

Must

Must I be us'd down: am Flesh and Blood,
 As if I were a Horse of Wood? Now
 Nay, worse; for Wooden Horse is made
 To Punish, not be Punished: High and
 Henceforth they shall no more Provoke
 My Flight, than were I Heart of Oak;
 But like those Braves who thus Ride Post,
 Shall gain no Ground tho' Hide be lost,
 I'll Cut them in a place where Mars,
 Would be Asham'd to show his Scars,
 Judge, if I have not need of Rest,
 With Hunger and with Loads Oppress'd?
 Tell me, ye Pow'rs! Shall such a Nag as is
 Great Dorset's, and the Muses Pegasus
 Starve? By such needy Scriblers Fed,
 Who want alike both Sense and Bread,
 I Feed with Men, and what is stranger,
 Live worse than if at Rack and Manger.
 No Wonder Poets often fall,
 Whose Bread, the Staff of Life's so small.

The Trojan Horse, that like a Tower,
 Many Stout Men in's Belly bore,
 In his full Paunch had never stow'd;
 Of Heroes, half so great a Load,
 As I must carry to Parnassus,
 Of Poets Dire, and Poetesses;
 Whilst my Guts Grumble more and Jar,
 Than his, tho' they were Men of War.
 Like Troopers Horse, I should not care,
 Were I to Carry Provinders;
 The Proverb says, *That he's a Proud
 Ass, that Refuses such a Load;*
 But I'm like Elephants, who bear
 For others, Castles in the Air,
 Whom they support, whilst all they get,
 Is to be Burthen'd with the Weight.
 Great Jove to free me from this Curse,
 Transform me to a Bakers Horse,
 And let the Wings I whilom bore,
 With Dryden when I us'd to Soar,
 Be into Panniers turn'd, and ty'd
 Full of Brown Loaves on either side.

F I N I S.